The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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"THERE IS NO DISCHARGE IN THIS WAR"

THE one great thing for today's Christians to see is our tremendously increased importance in the world. And that is only another aspect of our measureless responsibility and risk. We can't be Christians *and* pagans. It is "either—or"; for or against; one thing or the other.

In the less troubled times we could often avoid a clean-cut choice. Many sincere Christians of those days never cared to know how wide was the twilight zone between God's territory and Mammon's. Not so now. There is no twilight zone. The whole boundary has been explored, and much of it is plainly marked. We can discern, in most cases, those things which are of Christ and those which are of Satan. These are not *the times of this ignorance* which God once winked at. They are days of clearer knowledge.

Nor is it merely that we know enough of what being a Christian means. A crisis of the ages is on us.

We, who believe that in Jesus Christ God is seeking to bring a new earth, have the secret for that crisis, being Jesus Christ's followers. Not by one student out of a hundred is it denied that obedience to the Christ-example can save civilization. And the people of no other faith possess the secret!

This is not boasting. It is the recognition of a fearful claim which the world has on us. A world slipping toward wreck; one and only one power of turning it from the path of disaster; and that power in the hands of Christians—weak, doubtful, hampered by all manner of compromises—but Christians!

For, in simple literal fact, Christ's rule must come, or there is no hope for the world. It is, as unnumbered voices tell us, Christ or Chaos.

And so today a Christian can have no discharge, nor can he allow himself any entangling alliances. He is on duty all the time, and all of him. He cannot be Christlike in his home and pagan in his citizenship. He cannot worship before a Cross in Passion Week, and the rest of the year make Getting his god. Every day he faces the arresting *choose ye this day;* every decision is an alternative, "either—or."

It may cost. It does cost. The price increases daily. They of his own household become a man's foes. He may have to make some of the hard choices Jesus foresaw; not because in the lesser loves there is no room for the larger, but because father or mother, children or wife, may set themselves squarely between him and his Lord. If his own flesh and blood can do this, it is not unthinkable that business can do it, and friends, and country; yes, and his Church itself!

All ranting nonsense? It may seem so; for all too long we have been busy adjusting Christ's claim to these others. To reverse the process is not easy. Some who have found the other arrangement quite comfortable will be first puzzled, then annoyed, and at last enraged against those who disturb their life of pleasant compromise.

In lesser emergencies we might have been afraid to face the sneer which is the fanatic's portion. But he who in a windy midnight gives the alarm to a fire-perilled city is not moved by criticism of his method or his manner. He gives the alarm.

For the thing must be done. The custom of enthroning Christ with the tribal gods must be broken. In the conscience of every Christian, in every circumstance, there can be one rule and only one: No other Name!

It was always so, in fact. Only it happens that now we are stabbed broad awake by the keenness of the knowledge that this rule is all which stands between a bewildered world and the Pit.—*Selected.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

REQUESTS

1. Please print a request in *Cheerful Letter* for the Etude or some musical magazine, also sheet music for violin and piano, for the girls, Mary and Hazel. I have received much pleasure since last year from letters and reading sent me, also some nice things sent us at Xmas, which helped to make us happier at that time. Claudia Baird, (Mrs. R. A.), R. 3, Lenoir, N. C.

2. Perhaps some of you remember me. I have four children; boys, aged 14, 11, and 7, and one little crippled girl, 5 years old. I would be glad of any kind of quilt scraps, as I like to piece quilts. The children would appreciate some picture books. Thanking all for past favors, Mrs. Flora Foley, Route 5, Stuart, Va.

3. Here I am again. I wrote last November right after my husband's death, but it wasn't published. He was dead a year the 9th of November, and only those, who have lost a good husband know what it means. I have been living with my mother since his death. I hope all my friends will continue to send me reading matter, and don't forget the children at Xmas. They both are in school. Peyton is eight, and in 2 B, and Mary Ellen, six, and in 1 B. Best wishes for all. Mrs. W. H. Harris, 1002 17th St., Lynchburg, Va.

4. I am a married woman with two small children. Would appreciate picture books or toys for the children; also scraps of any kind would be greatly appreciated. Mrs. G. D. Preslar, R. 3, Polkton, N. C.

5. With thanks for past favors, I again ask the readers of *The Cheerful Letter* for literature for boys and girls in the VIII and IX grades. I shall appreciate some American history and biography, American hero stories, some easy classics, a Bible, good stories, art books and some magazines, and shall be glad of a copy of either *Ship's Memoirs* or *Headly's Life of Lafayette*. Miss Sue Hardie, Speedwell P. O., Virginia.

6. I wish to thank you all, through the columns of the little paper, that sent me things.

I am getting old and subject to rhumatism. My husband is also weakly. We would appreciate any reading and cheer sent to us this winter; also some patchwork pieces to help pass the lonely hours. I will pass all reading matter along. Mrs. Bettie Hundly, Stuart, Va.

7. I am 61 years old. I have five children, all married. My husband and I live alone. He is unable to work. I would love to have some good religious paper, book or magazine to read. I live five miles from my church and do not get to go regularly. I get very lonely some times and need something to cheer me along the way. Mrs. Martha Thompson, Tuckerdale, N. C.

8. I am a young married woman. I have two children, a girl 7 years and a boy 5 years old, I live on rented land and have a very hard time. I am poor, I want a magazine to read at spare times and some cards for children. I refer you to Rev. J. D. Sexton, if you wish. Mrs. W. A. Ham, Edison, N. C.

9. Dear Mrs. Nichols and other Cheerful Friends: I often wonder why I do not hear from some of you. This has been a long, lonesome year for me, right alone, almost all the time. I still have my chickens, cats and flowers to interest me. The roses, snapdragon and chrysanthemums are blooming now.

On October 30th the snow began falling early and by sunset every thing was covered in white; the trees and bushes green and some blooming. They were beautiful in the white fluffy snow and everything outside looked Christmassy. I had such a severe cold I could not enjoy it, or get out then; fortunately it all went off in a day or two and the weather is much milder now. I am thinking of and dreading the long winter evenings. I hope some one will send me reading matter, either books or magazines, and write me letters or cards. I get *McClure's* regularly now and thank the kind friend who sends it. I certainly miss the *Ladies' Home Journal* this year, having had it every year since 1907 till this. If some one would semd me *Ivanhoe, Treasure Island, The Last of the Mohicans, Snowbound, Gold Bug* or *North of 36*, just any of these will be appreciated, and passed on. I would be glad of odds and ends for quilts or fancy work. Thanks for all past favors. Mrs. H. C. Martin, Vinton, Va.

10. I am a little girl 13 years old and in the eighth grade. I should appreciate it very much if you or some one would send me the *Literary Digest*, as I need it in my school work so badly. I wonder if some one would send *Needle Craft* and *Modern Priscilla* or *Youth's Companion*. Helen Johnson, Pedlar Mills, Va.

11. I have come to you for cheer once before but have not heard from you, so thought I would write to you again. I am the mother of two small children, Bernice, 4 years, and Ralph, 2 years. I would be glad of reading matter or patchwork pieces. For reference, my minister's name is Rev. Edgar Denney, Silas Creek, N. C. Mrs. Web. Barker, R. 2, Box 17, Crumpler, N. C.

12. I am living with my daughter, and get so lonely here among strangers, and cannot buy books. I buy the *Saturday Evening Post* every week, but that is all. I wish some one would send me some late books by Mrs. Rinehart, Tarkington, or any good author. I love detective stories, and good magazines like *Ladies' Home Journal*—especially *Good Housekeeping* and *Harper's*—Some little story books for the little grandchildren here too. I read to them, and they love it. I will soon be 62 years old, and am not strong. I thank you all for anything sent me. *The Cheerful Letter* is surely a great blessing to so many. Mrs. Cora A. Hoskinson, 936 North Union St., Decatur, Ill.

13. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, Essex Sanatorium, Middleton, Mass., asks for anything on biology or psychology.

14. Mrs. Joanna Crook, Denton, N. C., Box 112, has moved from Richfield and has to be alone much of the time and will appreciate magazines.

15. Mrs. J. T. Wilmer, R. 2, Buena Vista, Virginia, writes: I should be so very glad to have some magazines and reading matter as the long winter days are coming on, and I have three grown girls. They get so very lonely, and find so much pleasure in reading. As we are unable to buy, and have found so much comfort from the dear Cheerful Letter friends, I do hope they will remember us again, and I would so much like to have a correspondent. I am, also, sending the names of two friends who are anxious for reading matter—Mrs. S. G. Niceley, Buena Vista, Va., R. 2, Box 30; Kermit Whiteside, Buena Vista, Va., Route 2, Box 29. Pastor, P. A. Anthony, Buena Vista, Va. Both of these are very deserving, and I hope will be remembered. I try to pass what little reading I have on to others, but I have such a little. Can you please put me in touch with Mrs. Minnie Kimball, Cohasset, Mass. Hoping to hear from you, and that you can send me some reading very soon. And, with many grateful thanks, I am, yours most truly.

16. Mrs. Elmer M. Hall, Woolwine, Va., R. 1, Box 44, a young mother with a three months' old girl, will be glad of reading for herself and husband who is not well.

17. Miss Ervie D. Purcell, Spencer, Va., R. 3, Box 20, is very lonely since the death of her mother; she is unable to walk and has no

way of getting out and will appreciate papers and magazines with short stories.

18. Mrs. Dora Smith, Polkton, N. C., asks for books that will interest young boys (ages not given).

19. Mrs. Pearl Martin, Roanoke, Va., Box 162, is needing cheer. She has been in the hospital three times this year.

20. Mrs. G. A. Bonner, Big Spring, Tenn., R. 2, asks for a Testament with large print for her husband.

21. Mrs. T. Iverson Murphy, Coolidge, Ga., R. 2, Box 30, is very anxious to receive *Peter Parley's History*, one that was used some fifty years ago; she will be glad of any reading which she will share with many others.

22. Charlie L. Roberson, Elamsville, Va., a 12-year-old lad, asks for books for himself and 8-year-old brother.

23. Mrs. Sue Quisenberry, Bumpass, Va., will greatly appreciate any good book sent her. She is in most feeble health, can use her hands but little. She has a little grandson who would like the *Youth's Companion*. He attends a one-room school and will be glad of school books, as many of the other children would. For herself she particularly asks for *Israel in Bondage*, *Saints Rest*, or any book.

24. I wish to thank you one and all for the *Cheerful Letter*. It has been a great source of pleasure to me and still is. I did enjoy the nice letters that I received so much, but as I am about 60 years of age and work every day in the week I did not have time to write, and found myself too tired on Sunday, and sometimes did not have stamps. I would like to be remembered Xmas. Mrs. Sarah Bowen, Ben Franklin, Texas.

25. I have been a member of the Cheerful Letter Club for some time and find it very helpful. Without it to consult in time of trouble I don't see how I could get on, or how I did before learning of it. I am very grateful for the kind letters from friends. I enjoy them so much and look forward to their arrival. I am not a shut-in or anything like it, but my family duties are so I hardly ever go away from home, and but for the comforts and cheer of the dear C. L. Club I should not get much out of life. I am also grateful for the quilt scraps. I have answered most all that sent them, but some I could not make out and will try to thank them through the C. L. I would appreciate some good book for the cold winter weather and a few calico and gingham pieces, and Edna, my little girl, age 8 yrs., would appreciate some pieces suitable for doll dresses, if we are not asking too much. Yours sincerely, Mrs. H. C. Phillips, Amherst, Virginia, R. 3, Box 71.

26. I am sorry if I failed to make my reques clear. As for the books I requested for thre small girls, I am not particular, just any goo literature, Bible Stories, Mrs. L. T. Meade books the Ruth Fielding Series, etc. However, would like to obtain some books for my own use Any good novels by old-time authors such a Georgie Sheldon, Adelaide Sterling, Mary J Holmes, Hawthorne and Mrs. E. Southwortl would be acceptable. Also would like to rea books by Eleanor H. Porter, Ruby M. Ayers Grace Miller White, or anything in popula fiction. In addition to fiction I shall be ver glad to receive books that will help to improv my education by home study, as I live in a re mote place. Descriptive books of foreign coun tries, *History of the World War*, *Good English fo Everyone*, and an encyclopaedia of etiquette, i fact, any good books that will make strong im pression upon the reader. *The Writer's Book English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions The Business of Writing*, or any books of simila nature will be appreciated as I am deeply inter ested in this line of work. I fear I have made a unusual request, but I would like so much to rea the works I have mentioned, as reading an writing is my chief occupation, although I a unable to buy books. Miss Pearl Reynolds Appleton, Ark.

27. Mrs. Elsie Jamison, Martinsville, Va. writes she has not heard from the *Cheerful Lette* for a long time, and hopes she is not forgotten.

28. Mrs. R. L. Porter has moved to Bridge boro, Ga., and will be glad to continue to receiv reading, and will appreciate reading for her boy of 9 years.

29. Mrs. Roy Coppenger, Tellico Plains, Tenn. R. 1, gets very lonely in the winter and will b grateful for reading and pictures for the baby.

30. Miss Ila Hill, Woodland, Wash., Box 46 C living ten miles from town, with few neigh bors living so far that she seldom can visit them is very lonely and writes: "Please send me books and magazines."

31. Mrs. Pearl Blaney, Rupert, Ark., many miles from a railroad, asks for new or old transfer patterns, and embroidery cottons of any color.

32. Mrs. Charles Curry, Martinsville, Va. General Delivery, a young woman with one little boy, finds it hard to get out and is lonely. She will enjoy any reading.

33. Mrs. A. L. Wann, Forreston, Texas, asks for *Pictorial Review* or *Saturday Evening Post*, also suitable reading for Kathleen, age 13, and Loree, age 5 years.

SHEAR FUN

Clipped from Everywhere

"I DON'T mind washing the dishes for you," wailed Deacon Carson to his better half. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting and mopping the floor. But I do object to running baby ribbon through my nightshirt to fool the baby."

* * *

THIS is a story John D. Rockefeller told on his 86th birthday.

Down in Virginia a colored man was asked if he had any children.

"Yes," he answered. "I'se got a boy."

"What's his name?"

"Weatherstrip."

"Where did you get that name, Sambo?"

"It was this way. Dat boy was born just befo' the war, and he kept me out of de draft."

* * *

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie,
And in so doing, we believe,
Was the first on record
To convert a corner
Into a
Filling station.

* * *

"I'VE just paid the doctor $10 on our bill."

"Good," said the mother (with the new baby in her arms). "Two more payments and the baby is ours."

* * *

"DO I look like this picture?" he stormed, shaking it in the photographer's face.

"You've made me look like a monkey! Cock-eyed, and a chin like a bulldog. Do you call that a good likeness?"

"The answer is in the negative," sweetly replied the photographer.

THE STORY OF THE OTHER WISE MAN

(Concluded)

THERE was a silence in the Hall of Dreams, where I was listening to the story of the Other Wise Man. Through this silence I saw, but very dimly, his figure passing over the dreary undulations of the desert, high upon the back of his camel, rocking steadily onward like a ship over the waves. By day the fierce heat pressed its intolerable burden on the quivering air. By night the jackals prowled and barked in the distance, while a bitter, blighting chill followed the fever of the day. Through heat and cold, the Magian moved steadily onward, through the gardens and orchards of Damascus, along the snowy ridge of Hermon, the valley of the Jordan, past the blue waters of Lake Galilee, the hills of Ephraim and the highlands of Judah, until he arrived at Bethlehem. It was the third day after the three Wise Men had come to that place and had found Mary and Joseph with the young child Jesus, and had laid their gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh at his feet.

Then the Other Wise Man drew near, weary, but full of hope, bearing his ruby and his pearl to offer to the King. "For now at last," he said, "I shall surely find him, though I be alone and later than my brethren."

The streets of the village seemed to be deserted. From the open door of a cottage he heard the sound of a woman's voice singing softly. He entered and found a young mother hushing her baby to rest. She told him of the strangers from the far East who had appeared in the village three days ago, and how they said that a star had guided them to the place where Joseph of Nazareth was lodging with his wife and her new-born child, and how they had paid reverence to the child and given him rich gifts.

"But the man of Nazareth," she said, "took the child and his mother and fled away that same night secretly, and it was whispered that they were going to Egypt."

Artaban listened to her gentle, timid speech, and the child in her arms looked up in his face and smiled, stretching out its rosy hands to grasp at the winged circle of gold on his breast. His heart warmed to the touch.

"Why might not this child have been the promised Prince?" he asked within himself, as he touched its soft cheek. "But it has not seemed good to the God of wisdom to reward my search so soon and so easily. Now I must follow the King to Egypt."

The young mother laid the baby in its cradle and rose to minister to the wants of the stranger that had come into her house. But suddenly there came the noise of a wild confusion in the streets of the village, a shrieking and wailing of women's voices, a clangour of brazen trumpets, a clashing of swords, and a desperate cry: "The soldiers! the soldiers of Herod! They are killing our children."

Her face white with terror, the young mother clasped her child to her bosom and crouched motionless in the darkest corner of the room, covering him with the folds of her robe lest he should wake and cry.

Artaban went quickly and stood in the doorway of the house. His broad shoulders filled the portal from side to side, and the peak of his white cap all but touched the lintel.

At sight of the stranger, the soldiers hesitated with surprise. The captain of the band approached the threshold to thrust him aside. Artaban's face was as calm as though he were

watching the stars. He held the soldier silently for an instant, then said in a low voice:

"I am all alone in this place, and I am waiting to give this jewel to the prudent captain who will leave me in peace."

The captain was amazed at the splendor of the gem, which glistened in Artaban's hand like a great drop of blood. He stretched out his hand and took the ruby.

"March on!" he cried to his men, "there is no child here. The house is empty."

When the clang of arms had passed Artaban reëntered the cottage. He turned his face to the east and prayed:

"God of truth, forgive my sin! I have said the thing that is not, to save the life of a child. And two of my gifts are gone. I have spent for man that which was meant for God. Shall I ever be worthy to see the face of the King?"

But the voice of the woman, weeping for joy in the shadow behind him, said very gently,

"Because thou hast saved the life of my little one, may the Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

* * * * *

Again there was a silence in the Hall of Dreams, and I understood that the years of Artaban were flowing very swiftly under the stillness. I saw him among the throngs of men in populous Egypt seeking everywhere for traces of the household that had come down from Bethlehem. I saw him at the foot of the pyramids, and again in an obscure house of Alexandria, taking counsel with a Hebrew rabbi, who read aloud to him the pathetic words in the prophecies of Israel which foretold the sufferings of the promised Messiah.

"Remember, my son," said he, "the King whom thou seekest is not to be found in a palace, nor among the rich and powerful. The light for which the world is waiting is a new light, the glory that shall rise out of patient and triumphant suffering. And the kingdom which is to be established forever is a new kingdom, the royalty of unconquerable love."

So I saw the Other Wise Man again and again. In all this populous world of anguish, though he found none to worship, he found many to help, and his years passed more swiftly than the weaver's shuttle that flashes back and forth through the loom while the web grows and the pattern is completed.

It seemed almost as if he had forgotten his quest. But once I saw him for a moment as he stood alone at sunrise, waiting at the gate of a Roman prison. He had taken from a secret resting-place in his bosom the pearl, the last of his jewels. Then, at last, while I was thinking of this pearl, and of its meaning, I heard the end of the story of the Other Wise Man.

* * * * *

Three-and-thirty years of the life of Artaban had passed away, and he was still a pilgrim and a seeker after light. Worn and weary and ready to die, but still looking for the King, he had come for the last time to Jerusalem. It was the season of the Passover. The city was thronged with strangers. There had been a confusion of tongues in the narrow streets for many days.

But on this day a singular agitation was visible in the multitude. The sky was veiled with a portentous gloom. A secret tide was sweeping the crowd all one way, along the street that leads to the Damascus gate.

Artaban inquired the cause of the tumult and where they were going.

"We are going," they answered, "to Golgotha, outside the city walls, to an execution. Two famous robbers are to be crucified, and with them another, called Jesus of Nazareth, a man who has done many wonderful works among the people, so that they love him greatly. But the priests and elders have said that he must die, because he gave himself out to be the Son of God. And Pilate has sent him to the cross because he said that he was the 'King of the Jews.'"

How strangely these familiar words fell upon the tired heart of Artaban. They had led him for a lifetime over land and sea. The King had arisen, but he had been denied and cast out. He was about to perish. Could it be the same who had been born in Bethlehem thirty-three years ago, at whose birth the star had appeared in heaven, and of whose coming the prophets had spoken? And he said within himself, "It may be that I shall find the King at last, in the hands of his enemies, and shall come in time to offer my pearl for his ransom before he dies."

So the old man followed the multitude towards the Damascus gate. Just beyond the entrance of the guard-house a troop of Macedonian soldiers came down the street, dragging a young girl with torn dress and dishevelled hair. She saw his white cap and the winged circle on his breast, and broke from her tormentors to throw herself at his feet.

"Have pity on me," she cried," and save me. I also am a daughter of the true religion which is taught by the Magi. My father was a merchant of Parthia. He is dead and I am seized for his debts, to be sold as a slave. Save me from worse than death."

It was the old conflict in the soul of Artaban—the conflict between the expectation of faith and the impulse of love. One thing only was sure to his divided heart—to rescue this helpless girl would be a true deed of love. And is not love the light of the soul?

He took the pearl—luminous, radiant, full of tender, living lustre—and laid it in the hand of the slave.

"This is thy ransom, daughter! It is the last of my treasures which I kept for the King."

While he spoke, the darkness of the sky deepened, and shuddering tremors ran through the earth. The walls of the houses rocked to and fro. Artaban and the girl whom he had ransomed crouched helpless beneath the wall of the Praetorium.

His quest was over, and it had failed. But even in that thought there was peace. He knew that all was well, because he had done the best that he could from day to day. He had been true to the light that had been given to him. He had looked for more.

A heavy tile, shaken from the roof, fell and struck the old man on the temple. He lay breathless and pale, his grey head resting on the young girl's shoulder. As she bent over, fearing he was dead, there came a voice through the twilight like music sounding from a distance, in which the notes are clear but the words are lost. She turned to see if some one had spoken from the window above them, but she saw no one.

Then she heard Artaban say in the Parthian tongue, as if in answer: "Not so, my Lord! For when saw I thee an hungered and fed thee? Or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger, and took thee in? Or naked, and clothed thee? When saw I thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee? Three-and-thirty years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face, nor ministered to thee, my King."

He ceased, and the sweet voice came again, and now it seemed as if she understood the words:

"Verily I say unto thee, Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

A calm radiance of wonder and joy lighted the pale face of Artaban. His journey was ended. His treasures were accepted. The Other Wise Man had found the King.—*Adapted from The Story of the Other Wise Man, by Henry Van Dyke.*

THE THREE MONKEYS

The group of the three monkeys of Nikko is one of the oldest bits of carving in the world. They are carved over the door of the stable of the Sacred Horse.

In the land of the Island Kingdom,
'Mid Shinto temple and shrine,
Where the lights of a thousand altars
To a thousand false gods shine,
There is carved an odd, quaint lesson,
Wondrously cut in the wood—
The three wise monkeys of Nikko,
Who hear, see, speak, but the good!

O'er the door of the sacred stable
They sit in their wisdom, the three—
The little deaf monkey, the little dumb monkey,
The monkey who will not see!
With their eyes close shut to evil,
Ears that hear only the right,
The lips that are dumb to scandal,
They sit in their silent might!

In the land of the Island Kingdom,
'Mid Shinto temple and shrine,
Comes again from the Eastern manger,
A message of truth divine.
Though they bow their heads to Kwanon,
Where the lotus of Nikko nods,
Yet this is the lesson they send us
From the land of a thousand gods!

—*Pauline Carrington Bouvé.*

HIDDEN SEAPORTS

In each of the following sentences is to be found the name of a European seaport, the letters spelling it being in their correct order.

1. We must stop or Tom will be waiting for his supper.
2. Do not have a nap lest you miss the train.
3. I found Nora; then she returned with me.
4. Many thrilling odes sang the minstrel bard.
5. He was happy, for I gave him a book.
6. Yes, Bob, rind is indeed tough to eat.
7. Even ice will melt in today's sunshine.
8. Let Bob rest beneath this shady tree.
9. On this page no address is wittten.
10. The tower was Gothic, a dizzy height it seemed.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

(Solution on last page.)

THE LAND OF SMILES

If the sun comes up through a cloud, let's be thankful it is up, anyhow.

The measure of a man's faithfulness is the shine of his plowshare.

He is a mighty mean man that is always throwing cold water on the day dreams of the boys and girls.

Think more and you won't have to hustle so much.

Some folks say, don't take the world on trust. It will fail you. But it won't if you trust it hard enough. There is a lot too much half-trust in this world. It blights everything it touches.

We are really never called upon to bear the unbearable. Either strength comes or the burden lifts.

It is one of the beautiful compensations of life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Receipts

Baked Eggs.—Butter muffin pans, according to number of eggs to be baked. Drop an egg into each place, being careful not to break yolks. Sprinkle eggs with salt and pepper and a little grated cheese. Put a small piece of butter on top of each yolk, pour a tablespoonful of milk around each egg, and bake in hot oven until whites are set. A delicious breakfast or supper dish.

* * *

Raisin-Filled Cookies.—One cup sugar, ½ cup butter or shortening, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla or lemon, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon salt, flour to roll (about 3 or 3½ cups): roll thin. Put a teaspoon of filling on each cookie, then place another cookie over filling. Bake in quick oven.

Raisin Filling.—One cup chopped raisins, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup water, 1 large tablespoon flour. Mix together and cook in double boiler until thick enough not to run.

* * *

Tea Cake.—One cup sugar, 2½ cups flour, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup sour milk, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon boiling water. Put all together after creaming sugar, butter and hot water. To be eaten hot with butter. This recipe is over 100 years old: they are delicious. (Kitty Lou.)

* * *

Handy Hints

When meat appears tough, add a tablespoon of vinegar to the water or gravy in which it is cooked, and simmer slowly.

Use soapy water when making starch. The colthes will have a glossy appearance and the iron will be less likely to stick.

A heated lemon yields nearly twice as much juice as a cold one.

Machine oil may be removed from white goods by rubbing the spots with chalk, then rubbing it off after a few minutes.

A piece of flannel dampened with spirits of camphor will remove stains from mirrors and window glass.

Obstinate pin feathers may be quickly and easily removed from poultry by use of a strawberry huller.

(The Editor will be glad to receive "Favorite Receipts" and "Handy Hints" from our readers, for publication in the Home-Keepers' Department. Address: Editor, *The Cheerful Letter*, 161 Grandview Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.)

THE WOMAN'S GARDEN

The geranium still remains one of the mo popular of house plants, although its form ha been much improved. It is one of the fir flowering plants which comes to the mind of th average woman who wants to make a windo garden, but it is by no means the easiest to gro or at least to bring into flower. To begin wit it demands a very sunny position. It is usele to expect to make geraniums bloom unless the can have a south or southeast window. Gera ums are often over-potted, which is one reaso for their failure to bloom. They always flowe best when somewhat potbound, and in large po run wholly to foliage. Over-watering is anothe mistake frequently made by the woman wh undertakes to grow geraniums, but who is nc very familiar with their care. If they are give too much water, the leaves will turn yellow an fall off. Of course they must never be allowe to dry out, but must not be watered as freely a foliage plants.

One other precaution which must be followe with all house plants is to avoid having wate standing in the saucer under the pot. If th soil cannot be properly drained and become water soaked, it will turn sour and the plants wi suffer. There is particular danger of overlookin this point when pots are set in jardinières. It i always well to have an inverted pot or two sma blocks of wood for the pot containing the plan to rest upon when a jardinière is used.

Among the very good plants for the windo garden maker to consider at this season are th small-flowered begonias, the various types o primrose, including the baby primroses; th cyclamen and the heliotrope. All of them ca be purchased as small plants and grown o through the winter months. Begonias and prim roses are especially persistent bloomers. Som of the small-flowered begonias will remain i bloom practically all the year through.

There is a yellow-flowered form of the prim rose called Kewensis, which is not seen as ofte as the others and which does not bloom so stea ily, but which is very pretty and will prove a excellent addition to any woman's list of windo garden plants.—*Boston Transcript.*

KEEP YOUR IDEALS IN SIGHT

One reason, perhaps the most common reaso for the failure of young men and women is becau they lose sight of their ideals. When quite youn these ideals were always in sight. The yout makes a hero out of his father, and would be lil his father good, stern, if need be, and upright

all things. The daughter would most desire to possess the sweet womanly qualities of her mother.

But how soon are these ideals lost! How soon is the father no longer a hero, and the mother relegated to the background as being too old-fashioned to furnish a pattern!

The teaching of the Sunday school, and the ideals of the best literature as promoted in the public school are alike lost. The young men and young women who have suffered such a loss become poor in character, however rich they may grow in dollars and cents, or however high they may go in position or power.

How, then, can one's ideals be retained? There is only one answer. By never losing them!

Read the works of Ruskin, and gain through him an inspiring sense of the best in art. Read the poetry of James Russell Lowell, and gain through this noble verse a sense of the highest musically expressed thought. Read the historians, like Bancroft and Motley, in order to know the past of the world, and thus to be able to estimate the present. Read the essays of Emerson, and the biographies of great men like Lincoln as a guide to conduct. Read and read again the Gospels in order to attain spirituality through the ever-living personality of Christ.

Thus will good ideals of life be kept constantly in sight; and thus will your character always be growing.

—*Miss Luella Kilpatrick, in The Gideon.*

THE OLD SHIP

When the long low clouds about the West
Are rose, ash-gray, and amethyst,
And the sky between pours saffron-gold,
And the wind along the dykes runs cold

A huge old bark with an orange sail,
Mellowed and tattered by many a gale,
Will slowly come through the estuary,
Old, sea-haggard, and strange and merry

The old, old ship will come up from the sea,
Farther afield than a ship should be,
And sail on softly, softly and still,
And dock inland by a wooded hill

Then will come silently, flocks of sheep,
Silver as clouds remembered in sleep;
Cross to the moonlight and leap the stile;
And he who shepherds them all will smile,

Play on his pipes and smile to see
The gay old sails lift over a tree;
His feet will dance on the grass like foam,
And he will play "When the Ship Comes Home."

CHURCH REQUIRED BILL

Artist Sent This One

An artist who was employed in a church in Belgium rendered a bill of $100. The church trustees, however, required an itemized bill and the following was duly presented, audited and paid:

Correcting the Ten Commandments ...	$7.10
Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new ribbon on his bonnet.....	3.03
Putting new tail on the rooster of St. Peter.....	4.18
Regilding left wing of Guardian Angel...	2.02
Washing the servant of the High Priest and putting rouge on his cheek.....	3.10
Renewing Heaven.....	1.00
Adjusting Stars.....	2.06
Cleaning Moon.....	.20
Restoring Lost Souls.....	25.00
Rebordering robes of Herod and adjusting his wig.....	1.43
Taking the spots off the son of Tobias...	1.00
Grooming Balaam's ass and putting new shoe on him.....	5.06
Putting earrings in Sarah's ears.....	24.00
Putting new stone in David's sling	1.10
Enlarging the head of Goliath.....	1.03
Extending Saul's legs.....	2.05
Decorating Noah's Ark.....	6.50
Mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son...	.60
Putting new tail on the Devil.....	1.50
Putting a silver dollar over the poor box .	.80
Doing several odd jobs for the dammed	7.24
	$100.00

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

THE OLD BOOK

Last eve I paused before the blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had?" said I,
To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," said he; then said, with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet, though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed—the hammers gone.

—*Religious Telescope.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

SERVING THE KING

"Oh!" puffed Puffety-Puff.

"My!" blinked Blinkety-Blink.

"Yes!" pattered Patter-Pat.

The three little kittens, not the ones who lost their mittens, but the three little kittens of the Fluffy-Fluff family, huddled together in a corner of the farm kitchen, discussing their future.

"Yes," continued Patter-Pat, "that is just what we should do. We are old enough to serve the King."

Puffety-Puff puffed and Blinkety-Blink blinked at their brother who had been named Patter-Pat because he always talked so fast and so much.

"And must we live in the Palace?" asked Puffety-Puff.

"Of course," nodded Patter-Pat. "We must journey to the Palace and offer ourselves to the King for service. The King will then give us the work for which he thinks we are best suited."

"But," blinked Blinkety-Blink, "what will become of the farm if we all should go?"

"The farm? We must not think about it. Our duty is to serve the King," answered Patter-Pat.

"But," insisted Blinkety-Blink, "we can't let the farm take care of itself. One of us must stay here."

"But I want to serve the King," puffed Puffety-Puff.

"And it is our duty. Don't you understand?" pattered Patter-Pat.

Blinkety-Blink blinked thoughtfully for several moments, and then said: "I want to serve the King, too, yet I feel that it is my duty to stay here and care for the farm, if you two want to go to the Palace. The crop feeds many a family, you know. Will you explain about this to the King when you reach the Palace?"

"Very well," pattered Patter-Pat.

"Very well," puffed Puffety-Puff.

So the two little kittens, Patter-Pat and Puffety-Puff prepared for their journey, and were very happy to think that they would soon be at the Palace serving the King. Finally they went away, leaving Blinkety-Blink all alone to care for the little farm.

And as Blinkety-Blink worked, he thought: "Perhaps I'll be serving the King, too, if I do my work well and love him in my heart." This thought made him very happy, and he forgot that he was doing Patter-Pat's and Puffety-Puff's work too.

But Patter-Pat and Puffety-Puff were not having the easy time that they had expected. They had never traveled before, and were always losing their way, it seemed. And many times they were forced to sit by the wayside because the roads were rough and stony. At such times they were sorry that they had left the quiet peaceful farm.

After a long, long journey, they spied the towers of the Palace in the distance. How happy they were! They forgot that they were weary, and began to hasten their steps. Presently they reached the Palace, but as they were about to enter the gates, they were stopped by a Guard.

"Who are you?" asked he. "What do you want at the King's Palace?"

"We have come to offer ourselves to the King for service," answered Patter-Pat.

"But every place is filled," said the Guard. "There are no places for you."

Patter-Pat and Puffety-Puff were sadly disappointed. "But may we see the King?" they asked.

"Have you not heard? The King is away making his yearly trip round the Kingdom and awarding those who have served him. It isn't necessary to come to the Palace to serve the King, you know. People are serving the King all over the Kingdom," the Guard explained.

Patter-Pat and Puffety-Puff were surprised indeed. "How do they serve?" they wanted to know.

"That is not for me to tell you. You will soon discover that for yourselves," answered the Guard.

Poor little Patter-Pat! Poor little Puffety-Puff! They had to go home. And all the way home they wondered how they could serve the King away from the Palace. When at last the two little travelers reached their home, they found that Blinkety-Blink was holding a celebration. There were many neighbors present. And Patter-Pat and Puffety-Puff wondered what it was all about. But they didn't wonder long. They soon learned that Blinkety-Blink had been awarded a medal for service by the King, when he had stopped at the farm to investigate.

"And to think what we have missed!" sadly puffed Puffety-Puff.

"And we would have seen the King and been rewarded if we had stayed at home and done the work that we had to do," sadly pattered Patter-Pat.

But Blinkety-Blink, who was very happy in the thought that he had served the King by doing his duty, comforted his brothers. "The King will be round next year," he blinked.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Yes'm, old friends is always best, 'less you can catch a new one that is fit to make an old one out of.—*Sarah Orne Jewett.*

THE HILLS OF THE LORD

God ploughed one day with an earthquake,
And drove His furrows deep.
The huddling plains upstarted;
The hills were all a-leap.

But that is the mountains' secret,
Age-hidden in their breast;
"God's peace is everlasting"
Are the dream words of their rest.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
The home elect of His grace;
He spreadeth His mornings on them;
His sunsets light their face.

His thunders tread in music
Of footfalls echoing long,
And carry majestic greeting
Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them—
Wild storm-news from the main;
They sing it down to the valleys
In the love-song of the rain.

They are nurseries for young rivers,
Nests for His flying cloud,
Homesteads for new-born races,
Masterful, free, and proud.

And lo! I have caught their secret,
The beauty deeper than all:
This faith—that life's hard moments,
When jarring sorrows befall,

Are but God ploughing His mountains;
And those mountains yet shall be
The source of His grace and freshness
And His peace everlasting to me.

—*William C. Gannett.*

QUAINT MANNERS IN CHINA

Social intercourse in China is so intricate that the traveler from other lands often finds himself baffled completely when he tries to follow the manners and customs of the subtle-minded Chinaman. Indeed one of the greatest barriers between the Chinese and the Western races is this one of social etiquette.

It is difficult to become intimate friends with a well-bred Chinaman in his own country without making a deep study of his social life. Every action, every gesture, every carefully worded phrase is replete with hidden meaning. For instance, it is wrong to remove your hat when entering a Chinaman's home. It is an insult, and equally as bad as if we were to sit at a host's table for tea with our hat on.

Again you should never offer a Chinaman your hand to shake. This would cause your host great displeasure. You must shake hands with yourself, both on arrival and departure from his home. If you are offered anything to drink it is a breach of etiquette to touch it before the moment you are about to leave. Again, you will notice your host will pick a cake or choice biscuit and put it on your plate, and in return you must pick the daintiest morsel from the dish of sweetmeats and place it on his plate. In so doing you pay him the greatest of compliments.

For these little mannerly considerations the Chinaman will make one's visit worth while, show you all his treasures, give you stories of his home and business, and many introductions to his friends.

Your visit to Mr. Chinaman's home ends with a good handshake with yourself as you stand on the step. But as you turn to walk away, you find he is handing you a small present in memory of your visit, for the Chinese are splendid hosts and love to make your visit to their home a happy memory.—*Selected.*

HEAVEN ON EARTH

No matter if the rooftree be a thatch;
A hearth, dry wood, some paper and a match
Transports into a palace wondrous fair
The lucky folk who may be gathered there!
The wind may howl and shriek outside the door
And zoom across the chimney with a roar;
Yet if a blaze be crackling there within,
It is as though a storm had never been!
The Bible says (a book we all admire)
Elijah went to heaven in a fire
Of chariot form. We know just how it feels
To ride to heaven on such magic wheels.
For we, today and many times before,
Have gone to heaven—a thousand times or more—
Upon the chariot of warmth and cheer
Such as we find upon our hearthstone here.

Why He Came

Joan—Mummy, was baby sent down from heaven?

Mother—Yes, dear.

Joan—They do like to have it quiet up there, don't they?—*Belle Hop.*

Deserved But Not Wanted

Susan—"What's Bobbie crying for?"

Harold—"He's not crying for anything. He's had it."—*Life.*

BEES AND BEES-NESS

Said a wise old bee at the close of the day
"This colony business doesn't pay.
"I put my honey in that old hive that others may eat and live and thrive, and I do more work in a day, by gee, than some of the other fellows do in three.
"I toil and worry and save and hoard, and all I get is my room and board.
"It's me for a hive I can run myself, and work for the sweets of my hard-earned pelf."

So, the old bee flew to a meadow lone and started a business of his own. He gave no thought to the buzzing clan, but, all intent on his selfish plan, he lived the life of a hermit free. "Ah, this is great," said the wise old bee.

But the summer waned and the days grew drear, and the lone bee wailed as he dropped a tear; for the varmints gobbled his little store and his wax played out and his heart was sore; so he winged his way to the old home band and took his meals at the Helping Hand.

Alone our work is of little worth; together we are the lords of earth; so it's all for each and it's each for all—united, stand, or divided we fall.—*Journal of Commerce.*

ANSWER TO PUZZLE

Hidden Seaports

1. Oporto	6. Brindisi
2. Naples	7. Venice
3. Athens	8. Brest
4. Odessa	9. Genoa
5. Riga	10. Cadiz

A NAUGHTY GIRL

She was only just six her last birthday, yo know,
And she's naughty and bad from the tip of h toe
To the top of her saucy, wig-waggling pink bow
Her lips fairly long to just tease you and say,
"I don't care *who* you are, I'll tease anyway!"
Her eyes twinkle out from her soft flaxen hair—
If you look long enough you will find twinkl there,
And you'll just long to kiss her and cuddle h tight—
You will, I just know—if your heart's reall right!

—*American Mutual Magazine.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letter and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of corre spondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermo or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present onl such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerfu Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payabl to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents,* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way Quincy, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for books, magazines, cards, etc.,* also letters offering to give books and magazine should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

4. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimbl Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by stu dents either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where hel is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location an care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and fifty-nine librarie are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from other interested in the organization and its methods.

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